

LEGEND OF MOOSE LAKE COUNTRY

V

By LESTER STORY

(Franchere, east of Glendon

It was that season of the year when there is strange mystic hush in nature. In the usual frantic hurry and scurry of our workaday world, we are not aware of it; but if we pause for a while, we may hear, with the soft rustling of the multicolored autumn leaves, or the often chill winds from the north that voice which tells us that nature is in preparation for something yet to come.

All the furred creatures of the forest are aware of it. The Canada geese in their long flight over plain and forest by day or night without the aid of instruments upon a panel but guided by an unseen hand return unerringly every year to their accustomed resorts.

The leaves, leave their decorative majestic place of prominence, which they held through out the spring and summer, and fall to the ground, to form the first blanket with which to protect the tender growing

things from winter's early frost. Then too, there is another reason for this luxuriant carpet of nature;

At this time of the year, many of the tiny furred creatures of the forest and meadow are busily engaged in gathering in a winter's supply of food. Such animals as the weasel, and in fact all creatures belonging to the musteladæ or weasel family are particularly active at this time and so this carpet greatly amplifying sound, provides an efficient burglar alarm.

This particular evening, the sun was hanging like a great fiery, crimson plummet, close to the western horizon. The purple shadows of the mountains were stretching across valley towards the shores of Moose Lake in a north westerly direction.

In the nearby forest, a squirrel chattered noisily gathering fungi for its winters need. The wild geese had long ago returned to their winter homes and there seemed to be an eerie stillness in the quiet whisper of the evening breeze.

The sudden change in the squirrels chatter to that of noisy scolding denoted the approach of an unwanted guest, and soon stealthily steps announced the approach of a stranger.

Silently and swiftly he advanced to the edge of the forest and standing there straight as a pine tree, lean and strong as a panther, he gazed thoughtfully in the direction of the mountains across the valley.

"Here" he mused, "is peace and freedom", and altho the Indian youth had never known the shackles of physical or mental bondage, he exulted in the thought of his great, free, natural world for a brief moment.

Here was no black or scorched earth policy, no bonds, as he had heard about, in a land across a great water. If his country needed him he would go; why he did not know. The names and places were hard to remember.

As the footsteps of the night melted into a deeper gloom, a tiny point of light, shone brightly, like a star, far across the open valley. This was the mis-

sionary Eagle Feather knew. The man whom Blue Dawn believed was good, kind and true and whose wife and family dwelt in the old trappers cabin near the creek on whose bank the giant spruce reared its lordly head.

Blue Dawn, his fiancée was even now many miles away towards the rising sun, among palefaces studying their strange weird language out of a book, which she said was written by wise men, who were servants of the great Manitou Himself.

Blue Dawn said that she would return before the wild geese again sought their summer haven in the far north, when the purple buds would begin to swell on the trees. He believed it all, for Blue Dawn never lied. Yet he was sad at heart.

The mystic silence grew more intense. The darkness of the night melted into even deeper gloom and the lonely figure standing there at the forest's edge stealthily walked his weary way back to his teepee.

(to be continued next week)

N.B. The misspelled words
are not mine.

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St. Paul Journal, Oct. 9, 1942

By **LESTER STORY**
(Franchere, east of Glendon)

(continued from last week)

As I stood beside the water,
cold and icy in its bed;
I did not fear to enter the way
my Saviour led.
I did not fear the brine, be-
neath the icy flood;
Answering a good conscience,
unto my father God.
As I came up from the water,
Others singing on the shore;
I felt like singing, shouting, his
praises evermore:
And all along life's journey,
tho' oft bright hopes have fled
I've never wearied following
the way
My Saviour led, but I mourn
I've not kept closer to the
pathway of my guide.
As I journey onward nearer to
my Redeemer's side.

— Mary L. Montgomery

If there are any particular
mornings, that thrill illuminate
and fill a body with inward
and outward calm and quiet,
it is the morning of the Lords
day.

There was the usual break-
fast fare, this quiet Sunday
morning, in the cabin by the
creek, near the big spruce tree,
which some said was two hun-
dred years old. The oldest In-
dian inhabitants had played,
quarreled and fought under its
protective shade. Moose and
deer had drank from the cool
waters, which bathed its far-
spreading roots. It had seen
times of drought, intense heat
of summer; a hundred win-
ter frosts had not checked its
upward career.

Then and old trapper had
built a cabin there, had long
since died and a young mis-
sionary was sent to this region
to bring good tidings of great
joy to those who sat in dark-
ness.

This morning the sun shone
brightly. Breakfast was over
and (amid the usual clatter of
dishes being cleared away to
be washed, and the merry chat-
ter of the younger members of
the family) might be seen a lit-
tle middle aged man, reading
a well worn book. He was ab-
sorbed in thought and finally
as the room grew quieter he
slowly raised his head and quiet-
ly remarked "I think we will
read from the fifth chapter of

the book of Matthew, sixteenth
verse. Let your light so shine
before men that they may see
your good works and glorify
your father which is in heaven'
Each member having read a
verse, (and those who could
not read repeated a verse which
was read to them) the mission-
ary then led in a short prayer
and after the family devotion
hour was ended each one was
left free to pursue his indivi-
dual interest.

If there is one person more
pitied than another, it was the
one who cannot lose. Wrapt in
his own self-superiority, he
dare not give one inch lest he
betray his real inferiority. E-
ven as the Dead Sea gives forth
none of its waters, so he who
gives nothing of himself to the
needy world, becomes at least
human derelict on the ever
moving sea of life.

Conversely, he who gives
abundantly of his time and e-
nergies, receives ever increas-
ingly abundant energy.

For several years the mis-
sionary had laboured and now
in a few short months he was
going to leave. An illness, de-
manding a complete change in
climate required this.

The first winter snows came,
and there were periodic waves
of cold with intermingled chi-
hooks, cold stormy weather,
and then again the land was
gripped with a silent intense
cold.

Spring was approaching now.
Its nearness was whispered by
the soft sighing breezes from
the sunny south. All nature
yearned to be freed from
the long bondage of winter.
Blue Dawn, many miles away
where the palefaces worked
and lived in a smoked dimmed
city, thought often of the time
when she would return to the
freedom of her beloved land
once more.

Meanwhile, Eagle Feather,
with fierce burning hatred for
encroachments of the pale
faces stared sullenly into his
campfire. Altho the spring sun
had for successive generations
thawed the winter's ice on
Moose Lake into that clear blue
sparkling water he loved so
well; nothing could it seemed
soften his bitter hardened
heart.

(to be continued)

LEGEND of MOOSE LAKE COUNTRY

part 2

V

By LESTER STORY

(Franchere, east of Glendon

(continued from last week)

Oh world invisible, we view thee!

Oh world entangible, we touch thee!

Oh world unknowable we know thee,

Inapprehensible, we clutch thee
Does the fish soar to find the ocean?

The eagle plunge to find the air

That we ask the stars in motion, if

They have rumor of thee there?

Not where the wheeling systems darken or our benumbed conceiving soars;

The drift of pinions, would we hearken

Beats at our own clay shuttered doors.

Spring had come at last in the northland. The saffron colored sky on this early May morning seemed to create a magic influence upon all of nature's wonderland.

One of the very earliest risers is the saucy robin, and his cheery song could be heard long before daylight. In fair weather or foul it is just the same; that glad note of cheer, arises proudly from his stout little heart. He cares not for blitzkriegs nor distressing rumors but ever preaches his short but pithy little sermon, "Be cheery Be cheery!"

It is not a matter for great marvel, that most of the woodland creatures are astir at such an early morning hour, for there is nothing of greater beauty than a sunrise. It has a specific grandeur that you will find nowhere else.

Sunrise like individuals, have their own peculiar personalities. There are the grey austere sunrises, forboding a chill, and dreary day; but low! when the sun rises higher in the sky we find that all the clouds have vanished, we know not where, leaving us the majestic beauty of a deep blue sky.

Then there is the sunrise, which paints gorgeous red splashes of color upon a background of purple. We anticipate rain but the clouds clear away and sadly we are compelled to say that for once the sign has failed.

A sunrise in which not a cloud is to be seen, is indeed the most alluring and on this particularly fine morning, this type of sunrise seemed to be an especially delightful one.

There was the first grey saffron hue, which heralds the approach of the green and yellow tints. The red and orange present themselves in their pleasantly superb style until we see the tip of the sun at the horizon.

It is still quite dark, but as we peer through the magic stillness of this lovely May morning, we can see two figures faintly silhouetted against the

now greyish yellow sky. They are talking in low tones, so we will not approach too closely lest our presence disturb the apparent serenity that absorbs their every interest. They are standing hand in hand gazing intently toward the direction of the rising sun.

The blue waters of the lake reflect the magic of the diamond studded sky, while over their sleepy ripples, a flock of geese triumphantly sail in a great V formation, toward the land where men have slaved, fought and died for precious yellow metal.

Eagle Feather is no longer the bitter hard savage that he was. Peace and love for his white brothers sleeps in his heart, for he has found a new hope and a new joy.

In her quaintest Cree syllables we hear the words of Blue Dawn, like a gentle whisper, which seems to mingle with the picture, realistic and true. "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; Old things have passed away and behold all things have become new."

The guttural tones of Eagle Feather, can be heard quite plainly, in response "More to be desired than gold, yea than much fine gold; sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb."

The light has grown stronger now. Rosy crowned, golden tints tell us that dawn is near.

Eagle Feather and Blue Dawn his bride are returning to their wigwam.

The perpetual hills break forth before them into singing, while all the trees of the forest clapped their hands.

And, the sun jolly old rogue that he is, peeped slyly over the horizon.

A new day had dawned!
THE END.